

Training A Dragon

by KMSMA-1

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Summary: What if Hiccup was always a girl, and they all were a little older? This is a warped retelling of the books, it's rated T because I don't trust myself to keep it too kid friendly, and that is all I'm telling you! Evil laughter!

1. A Note From A Hero

Notice: I OWN NOTHING! This is my version of 'How To Train Your Dragon' the books, only one thing is from the movie. It's basic a warped retailing of the books. If you haven't read the books; I recommend you do, their really great books. Oh, and just for the record, in this, Hiccup and Snotlout are not cousins, I have altered/changed completely/added new characters.

* * *

><p>There were dragons when I was a child.<p>

There were great, grim, sky dragons that nested on the cliff tops like gigantic scary birds. Little, brown, scuttly dragons that hunted down the mice and rats in well-organized packs. Preposterously huge Sea Dragons that were twenty times as big as the Big Blue Whale and who killed for the fun of it.

You will have to take my word for it, for the dragons are disappearing so fast they may soon become extinct.

Nobody knows what is happening. They are crawling back into the sea from whence they came, leaving not a bone, not a fang, in the earth for humans of the future to remember them by. So, in order that these amazing creatures should not be forgotten, I will tell this true story from my childhood. I was not the sort of child who could train a dragon with the mere lifting of an eyebrow. I was not the natural at the Heroism business. I had to work at it.

This is the story of becoming a Hero the Hard Way.

2. First Catch A Dragon

Chapter 1: First Catch Your Dragon

Long ago, on the the wild and windy isle of Berk, a female Viking with a long name stood up to her ankles in snow. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, the Hope and Heir to the Tribe of Hairy Hooligans, had been feeling bored ever since she woke up that morning. Nine boys, and Hiccup, were hoping to become full members of the Tribe by passing the Dragon Initiation Program. They were on a bleak little beach at the bleakest spot on the whole bleak island. A heavy snow was falling.

"PAY ATTENTION!" screamed Gobber the Belch, the soldier in charge of teaching Initiation. "This will be your first military operation, and Hiccup will be commanding the team."

"Oh, not Hiccup," groaned Dogsbreath the Duhbrain and most of the other boys. "You can't put Hiccup in charge, sir, she's HOPELESS. I'd rather be lead by Fishlegs"

"SILENCE!" roared Gobber the Belch. "The next one to speak has limpets for lunch for the next THREE WEEKS!" There was absolute silence immediately. Limpets are a bit like worms and a bit like snot and a lot less tasty than either.

"Hiccup will be in charger and that is an order!" screamed Gobber, who didn't do noises quieter than screaming. He was a seven foot giant with a mad glint in his one working eye and a beard like exploding fireworks. Despite the freezing cold he was wearing hairy shorts and a teeny weeny dear skin vest that showed off his lobster red skin and bulging muscles. He was holding a flaming torch in one gigantic fist.

"Hiccup will be leading you, although she is, admittedly, completely hopeless, because Hiccup is the daughter of Stoick the Vast, the CHIEF, and that's the way things go with us Vikings. Where do you think you are, the REPUBLIC OF ROME? Anyway, that is the least of your problems today. You are here to prove yourself as a Viking Hero. And it is an ancient tradition of the Hooligan Tribe that you should, " Gobber paused dramatically, "FIRST CATCH YOUR DRAGON!"

'Ohhhh here we go.' Hiccup thought.

"Our dragons are what set us apart!" bellowed Gobber. "Lesser humans train hawks to hunt for them, horses to carry them. It is only the VIKING HEROES who dare tame the wildest, most dangerous creatures on Earth."

Gobber spat solemnly into the snow. "There are three parts to the Dragon Initiation Test. The first and most dangerous part is a test of your courage and skill at burglary. If you wish to enter the Hairy Hooligan Tribe, you must first catch your dragon. And that is WHY," continued Gobber at full volume, "I have brought you to this scenic spot. Take a look at Wild Dragon Cliff itself."

The ten tipped their heads backward. The cliff loomed dizzyingly high

above them, black and sinister. In the summer you could barely even see the cliff as dragons of all shapes and sizes swarmed over it, snapping and biting and sending up a cacophony of noise that could be heard all over Berk. But, in the winter the dragons were hibernating and the cliff fell silent, except for the ominous, low rumble of their snores. Hiccup could feel the vibrations through her sandals.

"Now," said Gobber, "do you notice those four caves about halfway up the cliff, grouped roughly in the shape of skull?" They nodded.

"Inside the cave that would be the right eye of the skull is the Dragon Nursery, where there are, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, there three thousand young dragons having their last few weeks of winter sleep."

"OOOOOOOH," muttered the boys excitedly.

Hiccup swallowed hard, moving away from the group with her best friend, Fishlegs. She happened to know considerably more about dragons than anybody else there. Ever since she was a small girl, she'd been fascinated by the creatures. She'd spent hour after long hour dragon watching in secret. (Dragon-spothers were thought to be geeks and nerds, hence the need for secrecy.) And what Hiccup had learned about dragons told him that walking into a cave with three thousand dragons in it was an act of madness. No one else seemed too concerned, however.

"In a few minutes I want you to take one of these baskets and start climbing the cliff," commanded Gobber the Belch. "Once you are at the cave entrance, you are on your own. I am too large to squeeze my way into the tunnels that lead to the Dragon Nursery. You will enter the cave QUIETLY, and that means you too, Wartihog, unless you want to become the first spring meal for three thousand hungry dragons, HA HA HA HA!"

Gobber laughed at his little joke, then continued. "Dragons this size are fairly harmless to man, but in these numbers they will set upon you like piranhas. There'd be nothing left of even a fatso like you Wartihog, just a pile of bones and your helmet. HA HA HA HA! So... you will walk QUIETLY through the cave and each of you will steal ONE sleeping dragon. Lift the dragon GENTLY from the rock and place it in your basket. Any questions so far?" Nobody had any questions.

"In the unlikely event that you DO wake the dragons, and you would have to be IDIOTICALLY STUPID to do so, run like thunder for the entrance to the cave. Dragons do not like cold weather and the snow will probably stop them in their tracks."

"Probably? Oh, well, that's reassuring." Fishlegs whispered to Hiccup sarcastically; Hiccup chuckled. They were about four feet from the others, Hiccup was sitting on an ice covered rock, scribbling something in her book, and Fishlegs was standing beside her, leaning over to see what she was writing. They were barely listening to Gobber as he continued.

"I suggest that you spend a little time choosing your dragon. It is important to get one the correct size. This will be the dragon that hunts fish for you, and pulls down deer for you. You will catch the

dragon that will carry you into battle later on, when you are much older and a Warrior of the Tribe. But, nonetheless, you want an impressive animal, so a rough guide would be, choose the biggest creature that will fit into your basket. Don't linger for TOO long in there. I need not tell you that if you return to this spot without a dragon, it is hardly worth coming back at all. Anybody who FAILS this task will be put into immediate exile. The Hairy Hooligan Tribe has on use for FAILURES. Only the strong can belong."

"RIGHT," said Gobber briskly. "Each of you take a basket to put their dragon in and we'll get going."

The eight boys rushed to get their baskets, chattering happily and excitedly. Fishlegs grabbed one for Hiccup as well as himself, and walked back to the rock Hiccup was still sitting on.

"You excited about getting your dragon?" he asked her setting a basket down beside her.

"Yeah, I just wish the others were a bit less excited." she answered him, as she put up her notebook.

Suddenly out of the corner of her eye she saw her best friend flung six feet back into a snow bank by Dogsbreath the Duhbrain. She didn't get a chance to protest before she was pulled off the rock and into the arms of Snotface Snotlout; her back was to him, she turned her head to glare at him. He was tall, muscly, and covered in skeleton tattoos. He looked like he had a permanent five o'clock shadow; which was pretty impressive for a young man that just turned 15 last week. You have to be really close to see it tho because it was blond. And to her dismay, Hiccup could see it very well.

"I thought I told you to stay away from MY pet, fish face!" Snotlout hissed at Fishlegs.

"Hiccup is NOT an animal, so don't call her a pet, and you DON'T have a say in who she hangs around." Fishlegs said getting up from the ground.

"Yes, she IS my pet." Snotlout said smirking, shoving Fishlegs back down with his foot.

"Snotlout, leave him alone!" Hiccup ordered him. All he did was turn her around and pull her closer to him.

"What, don't tell me you've forgotten again, pet?" Snotlout asked playfully.

"Hey tell the story again, Snotlout!" shouted Wartihog.

"16 years ago," He began, never getting tired of telling the story. "Stoick the Vast made a bet with Baggybum the Beerbelly, over who could last the longest without eating meat. Stoick lasted 6 days, Baggybum lasted 7 days. The winner of the bet was to get one thing from the loser; my father, Baggybum, waited to use this. Around two years later, both became fathers, Stoick to Hiccup here, Baggybum to me. My dad figured that me being married to the chief's daughter wouldn't be a bad thing he asked Stoick about an arranged marriage, and Stoick agreed. That my friends is the tale of how Hiccup became my wife-to-be, my pet."

"I told you, Snotlout, I am NOT marrying you! I don't care what my dad promised yours, that bet has NOTHING to do with me! And for Woden's sake STOP calling me that!" Hiccup yelled at him, as she struggled to escape his strong grasp. Snotlout ignored her protests; he grabbed both of Hiccup's wrists, pined them to his chest, and with the other arm rapped around her hip, kept her against him.

"I think, I'm going to get one of those Monstrous Nightmares with extra-extendable claws. What do you think, pet?" Snotlout purred to her.

"Oh shut up, Snoutlout, you can't," said Speedifist. "Only Hiccup can have a Monstrous Nightmare, you have to be the child of a chief."

"I will be the son-in-law of the chief in one year and ten months. And I bet Stoick would let me have one, with my pet's approval" Snotlout looked at Hiccup expectantly Hiccup's expression was one that screamed 'Someone get me away from this guy.' But she calmed down and thought of a plan to get her out of the situation she was in.

"Snotlout, I will give you my consent about the Monstrous Nightmare, on one condition." Hiccup said flirtatiously.

"I knew you couldn't resist me for long. What's the condition?" Snotlout asked smugly. He brought his face closer to her's. Hiccup smiled, and put her lips next to his ear. At this point everyone leaned in to listen. Fishlegs took one look at Hiccup's face and grinned.

"Let go of me you psycho!" Hiccup screamed at the top of her lungs, as she pushed the stunned Snotlout off of her and on his but in the snow. She quickly ran over to Fishlegs, who was now bent over, holding his sides, laughing at the shocked and confused look on Snotlout's face.

"Oh, I knew from that look in your eye you had one of your fiendishly clever plans, but that was too funny, Hiccup." Fishlegs said once he cough his breath. Snotlout glared at him.

"SHUDDUP AND GET INTO LINE YOU MISERABLE TADPOLES!" yelled Gobber the Belch. They scrambled into their places, baskets on their backs, and stood to attention. Gobber walked along the line, lighting the torch that each of them held in front of him from the great flare in his hand.

"IN HALF AN HOUR'S TIME YOU WILL BE A VIKING WARRIOR, WITH YOUR FAITHFULL SERPENT AT YOUR SIDE... OR BREAKFASTING WITH WODEN IN VALHALLA WITH DRAGONS' TEETH IN YOU BOTTOM!" screamed Gobber with horrible enthusiasm.

"DEATH OR GLORY!" yelled Gobber.

"DEATH OR GLORY!" yelled back eight young men.

'If they shout much louder it will be death.' thought Fishlegs and Hiccup. 'We're going to wake up the dragons before we even START.' Gobber paused dramatically, with the horn to his lips.

"PARRRRRRRRRRRRRP!" Gobber blew the horn.

3. Inside The Dragon Nursery

Chapter 2: Inside The Dragon Nursery

You have probably guessed that Hiccup and Fishlegs weren't your average Vikings. Hiccup looked like a heroic viking girl. She had long, blazing red hair that curved out at the tips; her eyes were emerald green. She was lean, fairly well muscled, and had a good figure for a girl that just turned 14 two months ago. As for Fishlegs, he was scrawnier than the other boys, wore glasses, and had an allergy to reptiles.

But it was really their personalities that set them apart from the other Vikings. They didn't act anything like a Viking should. Hiccup was good at everything from Bashyball to yelling, but she never showed it. She had a brain, and she used it to get her self out of every situation. Fishlegs wasn't very good at anything, and he had the guts to say it. But he had a mind of his own and a personality that despite what he looked like made him seem very cool.

So, when Gobber blew the horn and moved out of sight to find a rock to sit on and eat his mussel-and-tomato sandwich, Hiccup stepped up and took charge.

"Okay listen up, rope your selves together. In a pattern of one of the better climbers then one of the worse ones." she ordered.

"Then I'm in front of you, pet." Snotlout said with a smirk.

"Didn't you hear her Snotlout, she said best then worst. I am the worst climber, Hiccup is the best climber." Fishlegs said absentmindedly already tying himself to Hiccup.

"What? I have never seen her climb!" Snotlout said aggravated that he doesn't get to be in front of her.

"Exactly why you don't know how good she is." said Fishlegs with a grin, with Hiccup leading to way with their torches clenched in their mouths. Snotlout grunted and tied himself to Fishlegs then to Tuffnut the second worst climber. The boys didn't like it, but they always listened to Hiccup when she gave on order. Why? None of them know.

It was a perilous climb. The rocks were slippery with snow and the eight boys were thoroughly overexcited, making the ascent far too quickly. At one point Clueless missed his footing and fell, luckily onto Dogsbreath, who caught him by the back of the trousers and heaved him back on to the rock again, before he brought the whole lot of them down. When they finally made it to the mouth of cave, Hiccup looked down briefly at the sea pounding the rocks way below, and looked back at the guys.

"Untie the ropes." Hiccup said.

'Oh, brilliant, I'm about to enter a cave full of man-eating reptiles with eight complete maniacs.' she thought.

"Fishlegs will go in first. " Snotlout sneered. "And if any of the dragons ARE awake, he'll be the first to know about it! Once were in the cave it's every man for himself. Only the strong can belong."

"Snotlout, Hiccup is leading this mission. Which means you don't give the orders." Fishlegs said fearsomely. Snotlout glared at him.

"Why don't you shut up, fish face!" Snotlout hissed.

"He's right, I'm in charge here. I say who goes in first." said Hiccup firmly. She looked over the nine others, then announced. "I will go in first."

"No Hiccup, if one of the dragons are in there are awake you'll be killed!" Speedifist yelled in a hushed tone. Snotlout came up behind her and rapped his arms around Hiccup's hips.

"Speedifist is right. I will go in first, but before that." Snotlout said turning her around. "How about a good luck kiss, pet?" Hiccup sighed.

"Snotlout, I will make you a deal; if you say anything I deem smart, I will kiss you." Hiccup said slipping out of his grasp, and walking to the cave entrance. Fishlegs stepped behind her and put a hand on her shoulder

"Hiccup wait." He said.

"Yeah, Fishlegs?" Hiccup asked looking back at her best friend. She locked eyes with the boy, she thought of as a brother.

"I've got your back." Fishlegs said. He raised his hand off her shoulder in a arm wrestling fashion. Hiccup smiled at him and took his hand in the same fashion.

"And I've got yours." Hiccup said. They let go and headed into the cave, the other eight closely behind.

The cave tunnel was dripping and clammy. At times it was high enough for them to walk upright. Then it would close down into narrow, claustrophobic holes that they could only just squeeze through, squirming on their stomachs, with the flares held in their mouths. After ten long minutes of walking and crawling into the heart of the cliff, the stench of dragon, a salty stink of seaweed and old mackerel heads, got stronger and stronger, until finally it became unbearable and the tunnel opened out into an enormous cavern. The cavern was full of more dragons than Hiccup could ever have imagined existed. They were every possible color and size, and they included all the species that Hiccup had heard of, and quite a few more that she hadn't.

Hiccup started to panic on the inside as she looked around her at pile after pile of the animals, draped over every available surface; even hanging upside down from the roof like giant bats. They were all fast asleep, and most of them were snoring in unison. This was a sound so loud and so deep that it seemed to penetrate right into Hiccups body and force her heart to beat at the same slow dragon pulse.

If one, just one, of these countless creatures were to wake up, it would raise the alarm to the others and the ten of them would meet a horrible death. Hiccup had once seen a deer that wandered too close to Wild Dragon Cliff torn to pieces in a matter of minutes. Hiccup closed her eyes.

"I will NOT think about it," she told herself. "I WILL NOT."

None of the others were thinking about it. Ignorance is very useful in such circumstances. Their eyes were popping with excitement as they walked through the cave, hands over their noses to keep out the revolting smell, looking for the biggest dragon they could find that would fit in their basket. They left the torches in a pile at the entrance. The cavern was already well-lit by the Glowworms, huge, sluggish animals dotted here and there that shone with a steady yet dim fluorescence, like a low-watt light bulb. And the Flamehuffers gave off extra little bursts of light that flickered on and off as they breathed in and out. Predictably, most of the boys headed toward the plug-uglies of the dragon world, the Gronckles. Snotlout made a big fuss about grabbing a vicious looking Monstrous Nightmare, winking at Hiccup as he did so.

Wartihog and Dogsbreath got into a loudly whispered fight over a Gronckle, a heavily-armored brute with fangs like kitchen knives sticking out in such numbers that it couldn't keep its mouth shut. Dogsbreath won, then managed to drop it as he was trying to bundle it into his basket; the weaponry of the beast made a horribly loud clatter as it landed on the floor of the cavern. The Gronckle opened its evil, crocodile eyes. Everybody held their breath. The Gronckle stared ahead, and it was difficult to tell from its blank expression whether it was awake or fast asleep. Hiccup realized, in an agony of suspense, that the gossamer-thin third eyelid was still down. And there it stayed for a few heart-stopping moments, until..

4. We're In Trouble

****Chapter 3: We're In Trouble****

It slowly closed its upper eyelids again. Amazingly not one of the other dragons woke up; few grumbled groggily before making themselves comfy again. But most were in such a stupor that they barely even stirred. Hiccup let out her breath. Maybe these dragons were so dead to the world that nothing would wake them from their slumber. She swallowed hard, muttered a prayer to Loki, the patron saint of sneaky exploits, and edged forward cautiously to grab the most unconscious-looking dragon, so she could get out of this nightmare as fast as possible.

It is a little-known fact that dragons grow colder the deeper they sleep. It is even possible for dragons to go into a sleep coma in which they are icy cold, with no obvious pulse, or breath, or heartbeat. They can stay in this state for centuries, and only a highly skilled expert can tell from looking at them if they are alive or dead. But a dragon who is awake or lightly sleeping is very warm indeed, like bread that has just come out of the oven.

Hiccup found one that was about the right size and fairly cool to the touch and maneuvered it into her basket as quickly and carefully as

she could. It was a very basic Basic Brown, but at the moment she couldn't have cared less. Even tho it was barely half-grown , it was surprisingly heavy. At least she had a dragon; everyone seemed to have a dragon by now and were all making their way quietly toward the exit. Everybody, except for Fishlegs.

He was covered in a bright red, itchy rash, and was at the very moment approaching a tangled pile of Nadders on very loud tiptoes. Fishlegs was even worse at burglary than Dogsbreath. Hiccup stopped dead in her tracks. She knew what would happen if he reached the pile, and thought of a way to avoid it. A idea popped in her head when he was a couple of inches away from them. She soundlessly ran over to him.

"Fishlegs, don't move." Hiccup whispered to him in a panicked sounding voice. He stopped, afraid to move. Hiccup without a sound placed her Basic Brown in his basket. And continued with her act. "You shouldn't try and grab a dragon for me. You have yours, now head for the exit with the others. I'll find my own dragon."

"What are you talking about? I haven't gotten my dragon yet." He whispered back.

"Yes you did, remember? Oh, it's probably your allergy's; you had better get out as soon as you can and don't worry about me." she whispered cunningly.

"OK, if you say so Hiccup." Fishlegs said walking to the exit with Hiccup right behind him to stare him away from the torches. As soon as Fishlegs got away from the pile, Fishlegs let out four thunderously loud sneezes that went echoing and bouncing off the cavern walls. They looked behind them. A big Nadder stared sightlessly forward, frozen like a dragon statue. But ve-ry faintly, an ominous purring noise began in his throat. And ve-ry slowly... the third eyelid slid upward.

"Oh-no," Hiccup whispered. The Nadder's head suddenly whipped around to Hiccup, its yellow cat eyes snapping into focus on the girl. It unfolded its wings to there greatest extent. Hiccup know he was about to attack. It opened its mouth wide enough to show the forked dragon tongue and...

"R-R-R-U-U-U-U-U-N-N-N!" Fishlegs shouted grabbing Hiccup's wrist dragging her away.

They all ran for the exit tunnel. Hiccup and Fishlegs were the last to get there. There was no time for picking up the torches, so they were running in pitch dark. The basket with the Basic Brown in it was bumping on Fishlegs back. They had a three minute head start on the dragons because it took awhile for the first dragon to wake up the rest. But Hiccup could hear a furious roaring and flapping as the dragons poured into the tunnel after them. She ran a little faster. The dragons could move faster than them because they could see in the dark, but they were held up when the tunnel got smaller, and they had to fold their wings up to squirm through.

"Wait... you don't... have a... dragon." Fishlegs panted back to Hiccup, who was a few steps behind him.

"That," she said, as she scrambled frantically on her elbows through a

narrow bit, "is the LEAST of... ow... of my problems. Their gaining on us!"

"No... dragon." Fishlegs said stubbornly.

"Oh, for THOR'S SAKE!" Hiccup snapped. "Wait here." And Hiccup turned and went back threw the narrow bit even though the roaring was getting louder and closer by the second.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" screamed Fishlegs, frantically dancing up and down on the spot. Hiccup came back through the hole precious moments later. Fishlegs grabbed hold of an arm to help haul her through. They could hear horrible snuffling that sounded as if the nose of a dragon had entered the other end on the hole. Hiccup binged a rock at it and it squealed indignantly. They turned a corner and suddenly they could see light from the outside at the end of the final tunnel.

Fishlegs went first, but, just as Hiccup was kneeling down to follow, a dragon pounced on her with a flap and a shriek. Hiccup hit it and it fell back enough for her to crawl toward the light. Another dragon, or maybe the same one, sank its fangs into Hiccup's calf. She was so desperate to get out she dragged the animal through with her. As soon as Hiccups head and shoulders were through into the light, there was Gobber. He grabbed Hiccup under the armpits and hauled her out, dragons pouring after her.

"JUMP!" yelled Gobber, as he stunned a dragon with one blow from his mighty fist.

"JUMP?" questioned Hiccup, as she looked down at the dizzying drop into the sea.

"No time to climb down," panted Gobber, banging a couple of dragons' heads together, and bouncing three more off his gigantic belly. "JUMP!"

Hiccup closed her eyes and dived off the cliff. As she plunged through the air, the dragon that was attached to her leg opened its jaws with a squawk of alarm and flew off. Hiccup knew if she hit the water like that it would hurt more then the dragon bite. She twisted mid-air and got into swan dive position. Hiccup was traveling at such a speed by the time she hit the sea that, for a few moments, she didn't fell the water, just the cold. She popped up from the water and was immediately drenched by the gigantic splash of Gobber the Belch landing a couple of feet away from her.

Shrieking furiously, the dragons swarmed out of the cave and dive-bombed the floating Vikings. Gobber pulled his helmet down as far as it could go. Their were horrible scraping sounds as dragons' talons raked across the metal. Hiccup dived down into the ice cold water, choosing being frozen to being eaten. A dragon landed right on top of were Hiccup was, but took off again with a screech when it felt how cold the sea was.

The dragons didn't like flying through the snow and, with relief, Hiccup watched them as they flew back to scream terrible dragon insults in Dragonese from the warmth of the cave entrance. Gobber started to pull his ten students out of the ocean and back on the rocks. Vikings are strong swimmers, but it is hard to swim with a trapped, terrified dragon on your back. Hiccup was the last to be

saved, just in time, the cold was beginning to put her to sleep.

'Well at least it wasn't DEATH,' Hiccup thought as Gobber grabbed her by the waist to save her. 'but it certainly wasn't GLORY, ether.'

5. HEROES OR EXILES

Chapter 4: HEROS OR EXILES

The Vikings scrambled over the slimy pebbles at the edge of the beach and back up Madman's Gully, the gorge they had climbed through a couple of hours before. This was a narrow crack in the cliff filled with large rocks. They tried to move as quickly as they could, but this is difficult when you are slipping and sliding over huge stones covered in ice, and they made painfully slow progress.

A dragon that hadn't put off by the snow came shrieking down into the gorge. He landed on Wartihog's back and started savaging him, sinking his fangs into Wartihog's shoulder and ripping red lines into his arms. Gobber bashed the dragon on the nose with the handle of his ax, and the dragon let go and flapped away.

But a whole wave of dragons replaced him, pouring into the canyon with awful, rasping cries, fire shooting from their nostrils and melting the snow before them, talons spread wicked it as they swooped downward. Gobber stood, legs wide apart, and whirled his big, double-headed ax. He threw back his great, hairy head and yelled a terrible primeval yell, that echoed down the sides of the gorge and made the hairs on the back of Hiccup's neck stick straight up like the spines of a sea urchin.

Individually, dragons tend to have a healthy sense of self-preservation, but they are braver when they hunt in packs. They knew now that they had the advantage of numbers, so they didn't check their flying for an instant. They just kept on coming. Gobber let go of the ax. Spinning end to end, the ax soared up through the softly falling snow.

It hit the biggest dragon of the lot, killing him instantly and then kept on going, landing in a snow-drift hundreds of feet away and disappearing. This made the rest of the dragons think a bit. Some of them scrambled over each other in haste to fly away, yelping like dogs. The others came to a halt, hovering uncertainly, screaming defiance but keeping their distance.

"Waste of a good ax," grunted Gobber. "Keep going, they could come back!"

They needed no encouragement to keep going. As soon as he got out of the gorge and onto the marshy land behind it, they broke into stumbling runs, every now and then someone fell flat on their faces in the snow. Some time later, when Gobber reckoned they were a safe distance from Wild Dragon Cliff, he yelled at them to stop. Very carefully he counted heads. He had to check, and make sure that he hadn't lost anybody.

Gobber had spent an unpleasant ten minutes standing at the mouth of

the dragons' cave wondering why there was such a terrible racket and what he was going to say to Stoick the Vast if he lost his precious daughter and heir for good. Something Tactful and Sensitive, he supposed, but Tack and Sensitivity were not Gobber's strong points, and he took the first five minutes to come up with "Hiccup copped it. SORRY," and then spent the second five minutes tearing his beard out. Consequently, although secretly mightily relieved, he was not in a Good Mood and as soon as he could get his breath back, he exploded all over the place, as the teens stood, shivering violently, in a bedraggled line.

"NEVER... in FOURTEEN YEARS... have I come across such a load of HOPELESS BARNACLES as you lot. WHICH ONE OF YOU USELESS MOLLUSKS WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR WAKING UP THE DRAGONS?"

"I was," said Hiccup. Which all of them, except Gobber, knew was a lie. But they also knew that it would be worse if it was Fishlegs and not the daughter of the chief.

"Oh, that's BRILLANT," bellowed Gobber, "just BRILLIANT. Our Future Leader shows off her magnificent Leadership Skills. At the tender age of fourteen she does her best to annihilate herself and the rest of you in A SIMPLE MILITARY EXERCISE! EVERYBODY IS ON LIMPET RATIONS FOR THE NEXT THREE WEEKS." They groaned.

"SILENCE!" yelled Gobber. "THIS IS YOUR INITIATION, NOT A DAY OUT IN THE COUNTRY! SILENCE, OR YOU'LL BE LUNCHING ON LUGWORMS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES!"

"Now," continued Gobber, more calmly, "although that was a absolute mess, it wasn't a total disaster. I PRESUME that you do all HAVE a dragon after that fiasco...?"

"Yes," chorused the teenagers. Fishlegs took a sideways glance at Hiccup, who was staring straight ahead.

"Lucky for you," said Gobber, ominously. "So you have all passed the first part of the Dragon Test. There are, however, still two parts that you have to complete before you can become full members of the Tribe. Your next task will be to train this dragon yourself. This will be a test of the force of your personality. You will assert your will over this wild creature and show it who is Master.

"Your dragon will be expected to obey simple commands such as "go" and "stay" and hunt fish for you the way that dragons hunted for the Sons and Daughters of Thor since anybody can remember. If you are worried about the training process, you should study a book called 'How to Train Your Dragon' by Professor Yobbish, which you will find in the fireplace of the Great Hall."

Suddenly Gobber looked very pleased with himself. "I stole that book from the Meathead Public Library myself," he said modestly, regarding his very black fingernails. "From right under the nose of the Hairy Scary Librarian... He never noticed a thing... Now THAT'S burglary for you..."

Wartihog put his hand up. "What happens if we can't read sir?"

"No boasting, Wartihog!" boomed Gobber. "Get some idiot to read it for you. Your dragons will begin to go back to sleep, because this is

still their hibernation time" -some of the dragons had, indeed, gone very quiet inside of the baskets- "so take them home and put them in a warm place. They should wake up in the next couple of weeks.

"You will then have only FOUR MONTHS to prepare for Initiation Day at the Thor's day Thursday Celebrations, and the final part of your Test. If, on this day, you can prove that you have trained your dragon to the satisfaction of myself and other elder of the Tribe, you can finally call yourself a Hooligan of Berk."

The teens stood very tall and tried to look like proper Hooligans.

"HEROES OR EXILE!" yelled Gobber the Belch.

"HEROES OR EXILE!" yelled eight boys fanatically back at him.

_ 'Good question,' _thought Hiccup and Fishlegs uncertainly.

6. Hiccup's Dragon

Chapter 5: Hiccup's Dragon

"I...hate...being...a...Viking," panted Fishlegs to Hiccup as they stumbled back through the bracken to the Hooligan village.

You didn't really _walk_ on the island of Berk, you _waded_ - through heather or bracken or mud or snow, which clung on to your legs and made them difficult to lift. It was the sort of country where the sea and the land were always falling into one another and getting mixed up.

The island was shot through with holes burrowed by the water, a maze of crisscrossing under-ground streams. You could put your foot on a solid-looking piece of grass and find yourself disappearing up to your thigh in black, sticky mud. You could be making your way through the ferns and suddenly find yourself fording a river, waist-high and icy cold.

The ten of them were already soaked to the skin with seawater, and now the snow had turned to horizontal driving rain, blowing in their faces with the strength of one of the gale-force winds that were always shrieking across the salty wastelands of Berk.

"First thing in the morning is a narrow escape from a horrible death," Fishlegs sighed, "No one is going to talk to me for YEARS after that mess... except you, of course, Hiccup, but then again, you're just a weirdo like me."

"Oh, jeez, thanks," Hiccup said sarcastically.

"You know what I mean. And I know what you did, by the way." Fishlegs stated.

"What do you mean?" Hiccup asked him.

"In the Nursery, before I sneezed, you put the dragon you got in my basket, but I was too out of it because of my allergies to realize it till my mind cleared up. You're very sneaky, Hiccup. You can have

this dragon back if you like, Hiccup I warn you, they're filthy heavy when they're wet and angry," said Fishlegs, miserably, "Gobber is going to go off like a typhoon when he finds out you haven't got a dragon."

"But I HAVE got one," said Hiccup.

Fishlegs stopped and began to take the basket off his back. "I know it IS yours REALLY, " he sighed wearily. "I think I'll just go straight past the village and keep on running till I reach somewhere civilized. Rome perhaps. I've always wanted to go to Rome. And I haven't got a hope in Valhalla of passing Initiation way, so..."

"No, I've got another one in my basket," Hiccup insisted. Fishlegs' jaw dropped open in disbelief.

"I got it when I went back into the tunnel," explained Hiccup.

"I should have known," said Fishlegs. "But how in Thor's name did you know it was there? It was so dark you couldn't see the horn in front of you."

"It was weird," said Hiccup. "I sort of sensed it when we were running down the tunnel. I just knew there was a dragon there, and that it was meant to be MY dragon. I was going to ignore it, actually, because we were in a bit of a hurry, but then you said what you did about not having a dragon and I went back, and... there it was, lying on a shelf in the tunnel, just as I'd imagined it would be."

"Well, doesn't that beat all." said Fishlegs, and they started running again.

Hiccup stood tall with slight pride. She was bruised all over, her hands were shaking from shock, and she had a nasty dragon wound in her calf, which was stinging like crazy from the saltwater. She was freezing cold and there was an irritating bit of seaweed in one of her sandals, BUT she was alive and had a dragon.

She was also a bit worried because she knew she should not have given Fishlegs the dragon she got in the first place. This was not the act of a Viking Hero, a traditional one anyway. A Viking Hero would know not to intervene between Fishlegs and his Fate.

On the other hand, Hiccup was not a traditional Viking, and Fishlegs was her best friend and one of the only people that she could have a intelligent conversation with in the entire island of Berk. . She knew Fishlegs had been secretly worried about Dragon-catching Day for a long time. He admitted to her that he was sure that he would be the only one to come back without a dragon, and shame, embarrassment, and awful exile would follow.

But now, here they were: Viking warriors WITH dragons. So, on the whole, Hiccup was feeling fairly pleased with herself.

Things were looking up.

"You know, Hiccup," said Fishlegs a little later, as the wooden fortifications of the village appeared on the horizon, "that sounds

like Fate, you sensing the dragon was there like that. This could be Meant to Be. You could have some sort of wonder-dragon in there. Something that makes a Monstrous Nightmare look like a flying frog. You are the daughter and heir of Chief Stoick after all, and it's about time Fate gave you something out of it other than, well..."

They both stopped for a moment, puffing with exhaustion.

"You mean being promised to Snotlout, right? He can think what he wants, I am not marrying him. Anyway, I'm sure it's just a Common or Garden that wandered away from the rest," said Hiccup, trying to sound careless but unable to keep the excitement out of her voice.

'Maybe Old Wrinkly was right,' Hiccup thought. Old Wrinkly was Hiccup's grandfather on his mother's side. He had taken up soothsaying in his old age and he kept on telling Hiccup how he looked into the future and that Hiccup was destined for greatness. 'this dragon could be the start of a transition for me, from the strange, "hopeless" Hiccup, to a respected, Hooligan leader.'

"Hey, Hiccup... Hiccup... you okay?" Fishlegs said waving a hand in front of her face. She shook out of her thoughts, and looked at him.

"I was just thinking," Hiccup smirked, then bolted towards the village and screamed over her shoulder. "RACE YA!"

Fishlegs laughed and ran as fast as he could to catch her. They both knew this was childish, but they didn't care. After a near death experience, they needed to just be kids again. They ran to about ten feet from the gate, no way were they letting the others see them like that. With a glance at each other they calmly walked threw the gate and in to the small crowd of eight teenage boys. Each of them showing off the dragons that they caught, and bragging.

Hiccup took her basket off her back and paused before opening it. Everyone now had turned their attention to her and there was a short moment of silence.

"It's very still, isn't it?" said Tuffnut

"It isn't moving at all in there. Are you sure it's alive?" Clueless asked tapping the basket lid.

"It's just in a very deep sleep," said Hiccup. "It was stone cold when I picked it up."

Suddenly she had a strong feeling that the gods were on her side. She KNEW that this dragon was alive. With trembling fingers, Hiccup undid the latch, took off the lid of the basket, and peered in. Fishlegs and the others peered in as well. Things were looking up, indeed. There, fast asleep in the bottom of the basket in a tight curl, lay perhaps the most gorgeous dragon Hiccup had ever seen.

It's scales were black as ebony and glossy as polished leather. It's wings were folded tightly to it's back. Razor sharp claws shone a bright porcelain white. It was only slightly smaller than a Labrador retriever, but despite it's size and claws it didn't look like a

brute, it was lean and oddly... elegant looking. At first glance Hiccup knew that this dragon was created for speed, it was shaped similar to an arrow.

"Wow," Hiccup whispered.

"Well," Fishlegs said patting Hiccup on the shoulder. "that's a sign if you like. I reach for a Deadly Nadder and what do I get? A Basic Brown. You grab a dragon in the dark and what do you get? A Night Fury, one of the rarest kinds of dragons there are. Just proves that you were meant for being Chief of the Hairy Hooligans."

7. How To Train Your Dragon

Chapter 6: How To Train Your Dragon

"I don't see what's so rare about it. There's nothing impressive about the thing." Snotlout said.

"Yeah, Snotlout's right. Basic claws are okay, but where's the extraordinary bit of it?" Clueless asked.

"Oh, Hiccup, you are hopeless," crowed Speedifist. "You're the daughter of a CHIEF, for Thor's sake. Why didn't you get one of those new Monstrous Nightmares with the six-foot wing-span and the extra-extendable claws? They're really mean killers, they are."

"I have one," grinned Snotlout, gesturing to the terrifying-looking, flame-red animal fast asleep in his basket. "I think I shall call her FIREWORM."

"What are you going to call your dragon, Hiccup?" Tuffnut asked.

Hiccup's dragon took that particular moment to give a huge yawn. He opened his mouth wide to reveal a flickering, forked tongue, very pink gums, and sharp, shark-like teeth that were as white and bright as his claws. When he settled back down, a corner of the dragons mouth curved up into a sly smirk. Hiccup -who had yet to look away from the sleeping dragon- smirked also.

"Toothless," she said under her breath.

"What?" most of the guys surrounding her asked.

"Toothless," she repeated a little louder.

"Why in Woden's name would you call it that?" Snotlout questioned her. Still wearing that smirk, Hiccup looked at the boys.

"If I am hopeless, than he is Toothless." she said shutting the basket lid lifted it onto her back again, and she walked off. Soon Fishlegs caught up with her and walked by her side.

"Sorry for messing up the mission by the way. You shouldn't have taken the heat from Gobber." Fishlegs apologized, after they had left the baskets with the dragons in them under their beds at their homes.

"Don't worry about it," said Hiccup. "it wasn't your fault, it was your allergies. Anyway, it could have been worse."

Fishlegs and Hiccup were going to the Great Hall to look for the book Gobber had recommended: How to Train Your Dragon, by Professor Yobbish.

"As it happens," confided Hiccup, "I know a bit about dragons already, but I haven't the foggiest clue how to start training one."

"I would have said they were virtually untrainable. I'm really looking forward to getting some tips" Fishlegs shrugged.

The Great Hall was a hullabaloo of young barbarians fighting, yelling, and playing the popular Viking game of Bashyball, which was a very violent contact sport with lots of contact and very few rules. Hiccup and Fishlegs found the book tucked away in the fireplace, practically in the fire. Nether of them had noticed it before.

The book had an unusually thick cover with huge golden clasps. It was written in elaborate gilt lettering. Other than that It was like any other book cover, the title, the author, some bit about it winning an award all on there. Hiccup opened the book to it's first page, and as usual it was a dedication -apparently to Professor Yobbish's mother-a copyright, and a disclaimer. Then a note from the Hairy Scary Librarian.

Hiccup turned to the next page; there was an about the author page, but they skipped reading that, like anyone else would. Finally they got to the first page, and this is what it said:

CHAPTER THE FIRST

(AND LAST)

The Golden Rule of Dragon-Training is to...

****YELL AT IT****

(The louder the better.)

The End.

"THAT'S IT! THAT IS ALL THAT THERE IS IN THIS DAMN BOOK!" Hiccup shrieked, as she threw down the book in frustration. She rested an elbow on her palm then put her hand to her forehead.

"I don't see why you're going on about it. I'm the one that can't yell; you could out yell Gobber if you wanted to." Fishlegs reassured, patting the female Viking on her shoulder. Hiccup gave a ragged sigh and looked at Fishlegs.

"Yeah, but I don't want to be like these idiots." she explained.

"Don't worry Hiccup, you're sure to come up with some sort of plan. Hopefully one that works for both of us." Fishlegs nudged her side with his elbow. Hiccup smiled at him.

"Thanks Fishlegs," she said. "It looks like we're going to have to work out our own method of dragon training."

The next morning, Hiccup checked on the dragon under her bed. He was still asleep.

When her mother, Valhallarama, asked her at breakfast, "How did Initiation go yesterday, dear?" Hiccup said, "Oh, it was fine. I caught my dragon."

"That's nice, dear," Valhallarama replied vaguely.

Stoick the Vast looked up briefly from his bowl and boomed, "EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT," before getting back to the important task of shoveling food into his mouth.

8. A Chat With Old Wrinkly

Chapter 7: A Chat with Old Wrinkly

After breakfast, Hiccup went out to sit on the front step beside her grandfather, who was smoking a pipe. It was a beautiful, cold, clear winter's morning, with not a breath of wind and the sea all around as flat as glass. Old Wrinkly blew out smoke rings contentedly as he watched the sun coming up. Hiccup chucked stones into the bracken. Neither of them spoke for a long time.

At last Hiccup said, "I got that dragon."

"I said you would, didn't I?" replied Old Wrinkly, very pleased with himself. Old Wrinkly was mostly unsuccessful in soothsaying. Looking into the future is a complicated business. So he was particularly pleased that he'd gotten this right.

"Something extraordinary, you said," said Hiccup. "A truly unusual dragon, you said. An animal that would really make me stand out in the crowd."

"Absolutely," agreed Old Wrinkly. "The entrails were undeniable."

"Well, in a way they were right." Hiccup said.

"Oh, really?" questioned Old Wrinkly.

"Yeah, a Night Fury." stated Hiccup.

"Night Fury, huh? The terror of the sky," Old Wrinkly said, gesturing to the sky above them. "It's said that Night Furies grow up fast. You might be flying before you're fifteenth birthday."

"Really," Hiccup chuckled. "maybe then I could finally get away from the morons on this island. I honestly don't see myself leading these people, let alone them listening to me."

"You might be just what this Tribe needs, Hiccup. Because the thing is, times are changing. We can't get away with being bigger and more violent than everybody else any more. IMAGINATION. That's what they need and what you've got. A Hero of the Future is going to have to be

clever and cunning, not just a big lump with overdeveloped muscles. Their going to have to stop everyone quarreling among themselves and get them to face the enemy together."

"Grandfather, they've begun calling me HICCUP THE HOPELESS. That's not a great name for a Military Leader." Hiccup protested.

"You have to see the bigger picture, Hiccup," continued Old Wrinkly, ignoring her. "You're called a few names. You choose not to show how much of a natural you are at things like Bashyball. Who cares? These are very little problems in the grand scheme of things."

"It's all very well for you to say they are little problems," said Hiccup crossly, "but I have a LOT of little problems. I have to train this dragon in time for Thor's Day Thursday or be thrown out of the Hairy Hooligan Tribe forever."

"Ah, yes," said Old Wrinkly, thoughtfully. "There's a book on this subject, isn't there? Remind me, how does the great Professor of Meathead University think you should train a dragon?"

"He thinks you should yell at it," said Hiccup, chucking stones again. "Show the beast who is Master by the sheer charismatic force of your personality, that sort of thing. I have charisma, and can yell with the best of them, but..."

"But what?" Old Wrinkly urged.

"But I want Toothless to listen to me because he trust's me, not because he's afraid of me."

"Ye-e-es," said Old Wrinkly, "so you'll have to train your dragon the Hard Way. You know a very great deal about dragons, don't you, Hiccup? All that dragon-watching you've been doing over the years?"

"That's a secret," said Hiccup, uncomfortably.

"I've seen you talking to them," said Old Wrinkly.

"That's NOT TRUE," protested Hiccup, her face turning bright red.

"Okay, then," soothed Old Wrinkly, calmly smoking his pipe, "it's not true."

There was silence for a bit.

"It is true," admitted Hiccup, "but for Thor's sake don't tell anybody, they wouldn't understand."

"Talking to dragons is a highly unusual skill," said Old Wrinkly. "Maybe," he said, "you can train a dragon better by talking to it than by yelling at it."

"That's a sweet and very touching thought," said Hiccup. "However, a dragon is not a fluffy creature like a dog or a cat or a pony. A dragon is not going to do what you say just because you ask it pretty please. From what I know about dragons, I would say that yelling was a pretty good method."

"But it has its limitations, doesn't it?" Old Wrinkly pointed out. "I would say that yelling was highly effective on any dragon smaller than a sea lion. And positively suicidal if you tried it on anything larger, like a Sea Dragon.

"Fifty times as big as your Night Fury, a Sea Dragon from the bottom of the ocean can swallow ten large Viking ships in one gulp and not even notice. A real Sea Dragon is a cruel, careless mystery like the mighty ocean itself, one moment calm as a scallop, the next raging like an octopus."

"You're getting off the point, Grandfather." said Hiccup.

"Oh, yes, sorry," Old Wrinkly started again. "as I was saying, you might be able to add to Professor Yobbish's book. I've often thought that that book needs a little something extra... I can't quite put my finger on it..."

"WORDS," said Hiccup. "That book needs a lot more words."

9. Deep In The Ocean

Chapter 8: In The Depths Of The Ocean

Meanwhile, deep in the ocean, but not so very far from the Isle of Berk, a real Sea Dragon such as Old Wrinkly had been describing lay sleeping on the sea-bed. He was indescribably large. He had been there so long that he almost seemed to be part of the ocean floor itself, a great underwater mountain, covered in shells and barnacles, some of his limbs half-buried in the sand. Generation after generation of little hermit crabs had been born and had died in this Dragon's ears.

Hundreds and hundreds of years he'd slept, because he'd had rather a large meal. He'd had the luck to catch a Roman Legion camping on a clifftop — they were completely cut off and he had spent an enjoyable afternoon wolfing down the whole lot of them, from commanding officer to lowliest private. Horses, chariots, shields, and spears, the entire lot went down the ravenous, reptilian gullet. And, while things such as golden chariot wheels are an additional source of fiber to a Dragon's diet, they do take some time to digest.

The Dragon had crawled down into the depths of the ocean and gone into a Sleep Coma. Dragons can stay in this suspended state for eternity, half-dead, half-alive, buried under fathom after fathom of icy-cold seawater. Not a muscle of this particular Dragon had moved for six or seven centuries. But the previous week, a Killer Whale who had chased some seals unexpectedly deep was surprised to notice a slight movement in the upper eye lid of the dragon's right eye. An ancestral memory stirred in the whale's brain and he swam away from there as fast as his fins could carry him.

And, a week later, the sea around the Dragon Mountain — which had previously been teeming with crabs and lobsters and shoals and shoals of fish — was a great, underwater desert. Not a mollusk stirred, not a scallop shimmied. The only sign of life for miles and miles was the rapid jerking of both the Dragon's eyelids, fluttering up and

down as if the Dragon had suddenly gone into a lighter sleep and was dreaming who knows what dark dreams.

10. Toothless Wakes Up

**Chapter 9: Toothless Wakes Up**

Toothless woke up about three weeks later. Fishlegs and Hiccup were at Hiccup's house, Hiccup was sitting on the floor beside of her bed cross-legged; Fishlegs sitting on her bed directly behind her. Everybody else was out, so Hiccup decided to take the opportunity to check on Toothless's basket. She pulled it out from under the bed. A thin plume of dark blue smoke was drifting out from under the lid.

Fishlegs whistled. "He's awake all right," said Fishlegs.

"Here we go." Hiccup said as she opened the basket.

The smoke billowed out and made Hiccup and Fishlegs cough. Hiccup fanned it away. Once her eyes had stopped watering she could make out a shimmering, relatively big, black dragon looking up at her with enormous, piercing, jade-green eyes.

"**Hello, Toothless****,*****" said Hiccup, in what she hoped was a good accent in Dragonese.

"What are you doing?" asked Fishlegs curiously.

Dragonese is punctuated by shrill shrieks and popping noises and sounds MOST extraordinary when spoken by a human.

"Just talking to him," mumbled Hiccup, very embarrassed.

"Just talking to it?" gasped Fishlegs, in astonishment. "What do you mean, you're talking to it? You can't talk to it, it's an ANIMAL, for Thor's sake!

"Oh shut up, Fishlegs," said Hiccup, impatiently, "you're making him angry, I think."

Toothless huffed and puffed and blew out some smoke rings. He inflated his neck to make himself look bigger, which is something dragons do when they are angry or scared. Toothless slowly climbed out of the basket, then unfurled his wings to reveal a wing span of around eight feet. The motion was so fast, Hiccup and Fishlegs both jumped back in shock. Toothless turned to Hiccup and gracefully glided onto her lap. Toothless pressed his forehead onto Hiccup's forehead and gazed deeply and solemnly into Hiccup's eyes. They stayed there, snout to nose, without moving, for about sixty seconds. Hiccup had to blink a lot because the gaze of a dragon is hypnotic and gives the unnerving feeling that it is sucking your soul away.

Hiccup was just thinking, "_Wow, this is amazing â€" I'm really making contact here!_"

Just when that single sentence in Hiccup's head was finished, a sudden loud slam shook her from her thoughts and apparent staring

contest with Toothless. Hiccup looked up from her recently awakened dragon. She regretted it the moment her eyes laid on who had just burst through her door uninvited and unannounced, yet again! Snotface Snotlout stood in her doorway smirking down evilly at the teenage girl on the floor who was now glaring at him.

"What do you want Snotlout?" Hiccup demanded. The blond young man said nothing and his smirk grew.

"She asked you something Snotface!" Fishlegs growled at him, glaring at the guy also.

Snotlout looked up to Fishlegs, his smirk dropped, and was replaced with a look that plainly said, "If you don't leave now, I will make your life a living nightmare." But Fishlegs glare didn't waver. He was used to that look, to all of his threatening looks honestly. Snotlout had all but attached himself to Hiccup's hip; he was constantly trying for her attention. And, even though Hiccup and Fishlegs had found clever ways to ditch him over the years, he could usually be seen with them at most times, with the occasional company of Dogsbreath the Duhbrain.

"I will ask nicely one more time, Snotlout. What do..."

But before Hiccup could finish her sentence a bright blue ball of fire struck Snotlout square in the chest, and knocked him into the wall. Hiccup looked down at the Night Fury sitting on her lap; Toothless was now facing away from her and toward the door, pretending to look innocent, and harmless. Fishlegs busted out laughing and Hiccup chuckled at the fact that the guy that had insulted the not so little dragon around a month before, had just been knocked down by him. Then toothless spoke.

"**It's a bad thing when I don't know who you are, and I already don't like you.**"he said in a very annoyed tone, towards the teen boy trying to get to his feet again.

"**I think you and I will get along just fine.**" Hiccup said, patting Toothless's head.

Then she froze in realization, Snotface Snotlout just heard her speak Dragonese. This wouldn't be a big deal to Hiccup normally, she was already labeled strange by most of the people in the Hairy Hooligan Tribe so this shouldn't matter much. But this was different. Why? Because speaking Dragonese on Berk was forbidden by her father. Hiccup looked up slowly to the blond that had just stood up again. He was staring at her with wide eyes; then Snotlout's lips contorted into a wicked grin. One thought passed through Hiccup's mind.

"_Oh shit, this is not going to be good._"

Hiccup and Snotlout stared at each other for a few moments. Fishlegs got up slowly from where he sat and leaned down to Hiccup. He muttered in the female vikings ear with a somewhat shaky voice.

"Hiccup, you're my best friend, your secret is safe with me, but you and Snotlout should probably work this out alone. If he tries anything funny, Toothless is here and doesn't seem to like him."

Fishlegs looked between the two of them, then quietly left the room. The two vikings and Toothless -who was sitting on top of Hiccup's wardrobe, watching with interest at the scene unfolding- remained in the same position. None of them moving a muscle until the loud slam of the front door echoed through the halls of Hiccup's home. Snotlout took a few steps into Hiccup's bedroom, the door made a loud creaking sound as he slowly shut it. His grin still lingering.

"My, my, this is quit the predicament you're in, isn't it pet?" Snotlout said, leering at the the girl on the floor.

Hiccup's eyes widened slightly when she realized the situation fully. She was caught red handed by Snotlout breaking one of her fathers laws, one word of this to her father and she would be exiled. Hiccup knew she couldn't talk her way out of this one, because she couldn't lie to her dad and he wouldn't believe her anyway. But on top of it all, she was trapped in her bedroom with Snotlout, pretty much alone, because Toothless seemed to be entertained by all this and so wasn't going to help her.

Nether of the Vikings-in-training broke eye contact during all of this. As impossible as it seemed, Snotlout's expression became more wicked, apparently guessing what was going through Hiccup's mind. For as long as Hiccup has know Snotlout, the emotions she has felt toward him has been: annoyance, aggravation, and exasperation. But at that moment Hiccup felt another emotion that she never thought she would feel about the person in front of her, fear.

"_No! No way am I going to lose my nerve! Not because of him!_" Hiccup screamed in her head.

The red headed girl stood from her spot on the floor, crossed her arms under her chest, and gave him the most heated glare she could muster at that moment. Even Hiccup realized that this glare was pretty pathetic compared to her normal ones. Because, even though Hiccup would rather die then admit it, she was still very much afraid. Hiccup was particularly strong, but she was built more for endurance and speed, than brute force like Snotlout was; being no fool, Hiccup knew that in a physical fight, even though she could out last Snotlout any day, she couldn't easily take him out.

"Alright, what do you want Snotlout?" Hiccup asked.

Snotlout's expression changed drastically from a evil, "I've got you now" one, to a blank, serious one. He just stood there looking at her for a moment. Their eyes still locked together.

"_Why is he staring at me like that? What is he thinking?" _Hiccup thought looking at him suspiciously.

A half second later Hiccup was in his arms in a smiler pose she was that once on Dragon Catching Day; her wrists together and held to his chest, one of his arms wrapped around her hips, and their faces only a few inches apart. Hiccup's face turned from one of anger to one of surprise. Snotlout gazed into Hiccup's emerald eyes as he held her close. They seemed to freeze up for a few minutes.

"W...what are you doing!" stammered Hiccup, struggling. "Let go of me!"

"Shhh... calm down pet," Snotlout said in a, surprisingly, calm and gentle voice; it was shocking enough to bring Hiccup's frantic struggling to sudden halt.

Hiccup finally broke their eye contact when she looked at her hands as the male Viking let her wrists go, leaving her hands resting on his chest. The unoccupied arm then reached around her shoulders. Snotlout released Hiccup's waist and brought his hand up to her face, cupping her cheek in his palm. He stroked her face with his thumb, and smiled softly at the light blush that formed on the tops of Hiccup's cheeks and bridge of her nose.

"_What? Why am I blushing? It's Snotlout for crying out loud! Why is he looking at me like that!"_ Hiccup yelled mentally, feeling her face heat up.

Snotlout tilted Hiccup's head up some, forcing her to look into his sky blue eyes. Hiccup parted her lips a little, about to say something, or yell at him, or something. The words caught in her throat when her eyes met his. Snotlout moved the hand that was cradling Hiccup's face to the back of her head and tangled his fingers in her bright red locks, a movement unnoticed by Hiccup. He leaned in closer to her, to where their noses brushed against the others.

"Snotlout, what are you..." Hiccup squeaked out quietly.

"Hiccup," Snotlout whispered, interrupting her. "you talk too much."

With that said Snotlout closed the distance between their lips. The kiss was surprisingly shy and soft, considering who it was shared by. Snotlout pulled away slowly after about a minute, and released Hiccup from his hold. His face turning a bright red, he two steps away from Hiccup. Snotlout then turned around to face the doorway. He looked over his shoulder to the stunned Viking girl.

"Don't worry, I won't say anything about you talking to dragons." he said.

Snotlout then swiftly left the room. Hiccup just stood there staring at the open door for around ten minutes. She blinked twice, calmly walked to the door frame, and shut it. She turned to her bed and threw herself on top of it. She laid on her back and looked at the ceiling. Hiccup took her pillow and laid it on her face. Toothless glided down off of her wardrobe and sat at the girls feet with a smug grin on his face.

"What in Woden's name was that?" _Hiccup yelled into the pillow. _"That couldn't really have been Snotlout! Could it...? No, Snotlout is a loud mouthed, self absorbed, stuck up jerk! Then why was my heart beating so fast... Wait what am I thinking! He's just trying to mess with my head!"_

"**Well that was interesting. Didn't think he had it in him.**" Toothless said, snapping the girl out of her thoughts.

"**Oh, shut up. Don't you ever say a word of this to anyone.**" Hiccup snapped

"**Chill, I won't talk about your love life."**Toothless chuckled as he dodged the pillow Hiccup threw at him.

11. Dad meet Toothless

**Chapter 10: Dad meet Toothless**

Hiccup laid there on her bed for a few more moments contemplating what had happened seconds ago. Toothless was still near the foot of Hiccup's bed, but was now perched on the beam of wood that connected the posts. Unconsciously one of Hiccup's hand came up to her lips, touching her bottom lip softly. A pale pink blush spread over the tops of her cheeks as she thought of the kiss.

"_I can't believe Snotlout kissed me. I can't believe I just LET him kiss me."_

Suddenly Hiccup was shaken from her thoughts by the sound of her door slamming against the wall with enough force to nearly break it off of its hinges.

"AAAAAAARGH!" Stoick the Vast yelled when he entered the room.

"Aaaaargh!" Hiccup shouted, startled.

The red head girl jumped to her feet, grabbing her switch blade knife from her brown leather belt. Toothless simply turned his head to the Hooligan chief, and looked him over with board, half lidded eyes. Hiccup stared at the large, bearded man in front of her; sighing in relief that she wasn't under attack. Stoick laughed loudly as she put away her knife; Hiccup mentality smacked herself for not remembering she had it when Snotlout showed up looking evil earlier. Stoick the Vast stepped over to Hiccup and patted her on her shoulder twice, still laughing.

"That a girl! Always keep your guard up." he said, placing his huge fists on his hips.

Stoick threw his head back and laughed once more. Hiccup gave a small nervous chuckle, wondering if he ran into Snotlout or Fishlegs on his way home. Toothless, apparently tired of watching this scene, hopped down to the floor. Newtsbreath and Hookfang, Stoick's hunting dragons, came padding into the room. Toothless ignored them as they paced around him, even thought their yellow eyes were glinting evilly. Each was about the size of a leopard, and they were as delighted by his arrival as a couple of giant cats might be by that of a cute little kitten.

"**Greetings, fellow firebreather," **hissed Newtsbreath as he gave the newcomer a sniff.

"**We must wait," **purred Hookfang menacingly, "**until we are alone and then we can give you a proper welcome.**"

He gave a vicious swipe at Toothless with one paw. A claw like a kitchen knife almost nicked Toothless on the rump, almost being the key word. Toothless opened his wings and flapped them once, dodging

the swipe with ease and flying over a few feet above their heads. Hookfang and Newtsbreath, who didn't take failing at anything lightly, chased after the hovering Night Fury. The three dragons flew fast around the room sometimes running on the walls to turn. Hiccup, using her common sense, hit the deck and took cover from the hectic pursuit; Stoick stood, turning this way and that, watching it, with his face turning redder in anger. Newtsbreath let out a few bursts of fire at Toothless, who dodged them expertly. One stray burst caught Stocks huge orange-red beard on fire. Hiccups eyes widened, and she gasped, if there was one thing you never do it was mess with a Vikings beard. One of Stoick's eyes twitched, he brought up a giant hand, and with one pat, put out the fire.

"DROP TO THE FLOOR YOU HORRRIBLE REPTILES!" yelled Stoick.

Hookfang and Newtsbreath dropped to the floor immediately. Toothless gracefully flew to the pillow, that was now laying near the center of Hiccup's bed, just on the edge of it; he landed on it and raised a nonexistent eyebrow at the other two dragons and Stoick. Hiccup stood up as Stoick turned to her.

"You see?" said Stoick, "That's how you deal with dragons."

Hookfang took another swipe at Toothless and missed; Toothless glided to Hiccup and laid across her shoulders. The ebony scaled dragon brought a clawed paw up to his mouth and faked a yawn. Hookfang growled at him and looked very ready to pounce. Toothless simply smirked.

"HOOKFANG!" bellowed Stoick.

"**My claw slipped," **whined Hookfang.

"GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I MAKE YOU INTO HAND BAGS!" yelled Stoick, and Newtsbreath and Hookfang slunk out, muttering obscene dragon curses under their breaths.

"As I was saying," said Stoick the Vast. "THAT'S how to deal with dragons."

Stock was looking at Toothless with uncharacteristic anxiety.

"Daughter," said Stoick, hoping there might be some sort of mistake, "is this dragon, your dragon?"

"Yes, Father," Hiccup answered.

"It's very...well...it's very... STRANGE, isn't it?" said Stoick slowly.

Stoick was not an observant person but even he could not fail to notice that this dragon really was remarkably different from the other dragons around.

"...and it isn't very sensational looking."

There was an awkward silence. Hiccup momentarily pondered what was wrong with everyone's eyes to where they could call Toothless unimpressive and ordinary. She knew what she was going to say, but

she took a second to think of how to say it to her father.

"That's because it's an unusual breed," she said at last. "A unique and violent species called the Night Fury, very distant relations of the Monstrous Nightmare, but far more ruthless and so rare they are practically extinct."

"Really?" Stoick surveyed the Night Fury doubtfully. "It looks more like a black gecko with wings to me."

Toothless gave a low growl and his eyes narrowed. Hiccup cleared her throat and gave the dragon on her shoulders a warning glance from the corner of her eyes.

"But, in all respect father, that's where you are WRONG." continued Hiccup. "To the amateur eye it looks less intimidating than a Common or Garden dragon. But if you look a little closer at the original Night Furies characteristics."

"The black as night scales," Hiccup gestured to Toothless. "the wing-like flaps on the tail," she pointed to the flaps, "the extraordinary wing span," Toothless, playing alone, spread his wing as far as they would go, and Hiccup gestured to Hiccup's face just under his eyes "and the piercing green eyes are what sets them apart from ALL other dragon breeds."

"By Thor, you're right!" said Stoick.

"And it's not just your average Night Fury either." said Hiccup, going after one big thing to stop her father from insulting Toothless. "This particular dragon is of ROYAL BLOOD."

"No!" said Stoick, very impressed. Stoick was a terrific snob.

"Yes," said Hiccup finishing it off. "he is the offspring of King Daggerfangs himself, the reptilian ruler of Wild Dragon Cliff. The Royal Night Furies tend to start out at an average sizes but they grow into creatures of IMPRESSIVE -even GARGANTUAN- size."

"Very excellent burglary than, daughter, absolutely incredible!" said Stoick, giving a great laugh and ruffling his daughter's hair. Stoick's stomach gave a plaintive rumble like a distant underground explosion. "Time for a little supper, I think."

"**Since when?" **saidToothless. Hiccup fought back a laugh.

"Clear up this mess, will you, Hiccup?" Stoick asked.

Hiccup nodded that she would; Stoick smiled at his only child and ruffled her hair again. He strode off, relieved to have his faith in his daughter restored.

"**You know that half of what you said was a lie, and the parts that were true were overly embellished, right?"** Toothless asked.

"**Yeah I know, but what Dad doesn't know won't hurt him.**" Hiccup replied.

"**You do that a lot don't you?"** Toothless asked.

Hiccup just looked at him for a few moments, then looked forward once more, and let out a big sigh.

(A page break)

When she was going to bed that night, Hiccup didn't want to leave Toothless in front of the fire with Newtsbreath and Hookfang.

"Can I take his to bed with me?" she asked Stoick.

"A dragon is a working animal," said Stoick the Vast. "Too much hugging and kissing will make him lose his vicious streak."

"But they will kill him if I leave him alone with them."

Newtsbreath gave an appreciative growl. **"It would be my pleasure," **he hissed.

"Nonsense," boomed Stoick, unaware of Newtsbreath's last remark, as he didn't speak Dragonese. He gave Hookfang a friendly cuff around the horns. "They just want to play. That sort of rough-and-tumble is good for a young dragon. Makes him learn to stick up for himself."

"Oh, Dad, don't you know anything about dragons?" Hiccup said thinking on her feet.

"Huh? Why of course I do!" Stoick said, trying to mask his confusion.

"Then you know that dragons of royal blood, if they are roughhoused with too much at a young age they get stressed and frustrated, and that reduces their performance in hunting, flying, and pretty much everything that they are trained to do." Hiccup said, trying to sound convincing.

Stoick looked at her blankly, not getting it, then faked understanding to not look like a fool in front of his daughter. "Of course I knew that! I was just testing you! Go get some rest, Hiccup, and take the Royal Night Fury with you." Stoick laughed loudly.

Hiccup nodded but said nothing to Stoick. Hookfang extended his claws like switchblades and drummed them on the hearth; both hunting dragons looked at her pointedly. Hiccup got a guilty lump in her throat; she HATED having to lie to her father like that but at times he gave her no choice. The Viking girl swiftly scooped Toothless up in her arms and went to her room. She released Toothless from her hold and the emerald eyed dragon hopped onto the bed and turned to her.

"**I can't believe he bought that one; I mean honestly is your dad a complete idiot. Even Tweedledee and Tweedledum knew you were lying."**

"**Look, my dad may not be the brightest person on Berk, but he IS a good Chief."** Hiccup said.

"**Yes, a real dumbass amongst idiots." **Hiccup was about to argue, but Toothless smirked and added. "**At least there are a few intellectuals around here; maybe there is hope for these people yet.**"

With that Toothless curled up at the foot of Hiccups bed, falling fast asleep. Hiccup climbed into bed and thought about what the dragon at her feet had said. She smiled down at the lightly snoring Night Fury.

"_Hmm, maybe there is hope for the Hairy Hooligans." _Hiccup thought before closing her eyes and trying to sleep.

Toothless snored throughout the night, but Hiccup didn't care. Hiccup spent the whole of winter on Berk in various states of "very cold," ranging from "fairly chilly" to "absolutely freezing." At night, too many blankets were considered sissy, so Hiccup generally lay awake for a couple of hours until she had shivered herself into a light sleep. Now, though, as Hiccup stretched her feet out near Toothless's back, she felt waves of heat coming off the dragon. The waves gradually creeping up her legs and warming her freezing cold stomach and heart, even traveling right up to his head, which hadn't been truly warm for almost six months. Even her ears burned contentedly. It would have taken the snoring of six strong Sea Dragons to have woken Hiccup, so deeply did she sleep that night.

12. Training Your Dragon The Hard Way

**I would like to apologize for my lack of writing for a while now. I hope this new chapter makes up for it some. Enjoy, and thank you.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 11: Training Your Dragon The Hard Way

Hiccup was still pretty certain, knowing dragons as she did, that yelling was the easiest method of training them. So, after cursing her own mind for not being able to think of anything else, she tried yelling at Toothless for a few weeks to see if she could make it work. She tried yelling loudly, firmly, strictly. She looked as cross as she could, but Toothless would simply give her a look that clearly said, "are you serious?" Hiccup finally gave up on yelling when Toothless stole a Kipper off of her plate one morning at breakfast. Hiccup let out her most fierce and frightening yell, one that made the her home shake like IT was afraid. Toothless just gave her the look with one nonexistent eyebrow raised, then gave her a wicked grin before knocking everything else on to the floor with one swipe of his tail. That was it with the yelling, as far as Hiccup's concerned.

"Okay, then," thought Hiccup, "I'll try going to the other extreme."

So she was as nice to Toothless as she possibly could be. She gave Toothless the most comfortable bit of the bed and lay dangerously close to the edge of it herself. She fed him almost as much Kipper and lobster as he wanted. She only did this once though and promptly

put a stop to his gorging himself on the food. If only out of the fear that he would either get too fat to fly, or that the dragon would get sick. She played games with him for hours and hours. She told him riddles, she brought him mice to eat, she scratched the bit that Toothless couldn't quite reach in between his wings. She made that dragon's life as luxurious as possible. That too ended after two weeks or so when Toothless started to call her a servant, she had just about thrown an ax at the ebony colored reptile at that offence. So, at that point Toothless was still untrained, and Hiccup was out of ideas.

By mid February, the winter was coming to an end on Berk, and the snowy season had turned into the rainy season. It was the kind of weather where your clothes never got dry, no matter what. Hiccup would hang up her sodden tunic on a chair in front of the fire before going to bed at night, and in the morning it would still be wet-warm and wet rather than cold and wet, but WET nonetheless. The ground all around the Village had turned into Knee-deep mud. Today though, the island got a break from the weather. It put some people like Old Wrinkly on edge, the weather seemed almost too calm and clear.

Hiccup was sitting on a large, flat stone in front of the forest beside of her house hidden in the shade of the large trees. Toothless, who had curled up, was laying in soft patch of grass directly in the sunlight and at the moment appeared he was asleep. Hiccup was about a foot or two away from him; drawing the scene in her notebook looking like everything was right in the world. But, her mind was a mess thinking about what all has happened in the past month.

_"What am I going to do? I have tried everything I can think of. Toothless is so similar to me when it comes to knowledge so he should be easy for me to handle when it comes to him listening to me. Yet he hasn't had to put on any appearances, hasn't had to put up with expectations, and that has made him very blunt and, perhaps, over-confident. I only have two months or so left to train him. Is it even possible to train Toothless? Is there something I'm missing?"

—

"Hiccup!" a voice shouted at Hiccup.

"What?" the Viking girl jumped.

Hiccup blinked a few times while looking around, as if wondering where she was. She looked directly in front of her and saw Fishlegs, with his dragon nearby, sitting looking at her with concern. A relieved sigh left her and she shook her head to get her thoughts straight.

"Sorry Fishlegs, I was just thinking." Hiccup apologized.

"About?" he asked sitting next to her.

"Everything from Dragon-Catching day to now, and how I can train Toothless."

"Still don't know how to get him to listen to you?"

"No! And I don't have much time left." She exclaimed in a tired

voice.

Fishlegs wrapped a comforting arm around Hiccup's shoulders. "Don't fret Hiccup; I'm sure you'll figure something out."

"Easy for you to say. Horrorcow was easy for you to train."

Fishlegs had named his dragon Horrorcow. The "horror" bit was to make the poor creature at least sound a bit frightening. The "cow" bit was because for a dragon she was remarkably like a cow. She was a large, peaceful, brown creature, with an easygoing nature. Fishlegs suspected she might even be vegetarian.

"I'm always catching her nibbling at the wood-work," he complained lightly, taking his arm off of Hiccup's shoulders.

"BLOOD, Horrorcow, BLOOD- that's what you should want!" he said in a exaggerated way. Which made Hiccup laugh lightly.

Nonetheless, maybe Fishlegs was a better at yelling then the two thought, or maybe Horrorcow was a lazier and more obliging character than Toothless, but Horrorcow was proving very easy to train by the yelling method.

"Gotten bigger hasn't he." Fishlegs mumbled.

Toothless began to stir from his slumber, shaking his wings out while the rest of his body uncurled. Hiccup nodded in agreement, he had grown fast, just as Old Wrinkly said he would. Toothless was only a few inches smaller than Newtbreath and Hookfang, and towered over the other teens dragons by a bit.

"Maybe I should try talking to him again, make a deal with him or something." Hiccup wondered out loud.

"Hiccup," said Fishlegs, as Toothless whacked Horrorcow with his tail when she had gotten to close to him for his liking, "I may not know much about dragons, but I d_o know that they are the most selfish creatures on Earth. You can't count on a dragon to keep their word. As soon as you turn your back they will betray you. I'm sorry but that just won't work."

"The thing about us dragons,"** Toothless spoke up, turning toward them with a sinister smirk, ***"is that we're survivors. We will do anything to get what we need, or want. We are not like a k-9 or a feline, who fall in love with their Masters. No the only reason some of us listen to a human is because they are bigger than us and they give us food. Other than that, our Masters can die in front of our eyes and we would not care."

Hiccup hung her head, sighing once again, "I have been doing that a lot lately."

"What did he say?" Fishlegs asked.

"Basically the same thing you are."

Hiccup was no fool. She knew that what they were saying is true. Toothless was lovely to look at, and very good company -if a little demanding. However, you only had to look into his large, heavily

lashed eyes to realize he was completely without morals. The eyes were ancient, the eyes of a killer. You might as well ask a crocodile or a shark to be your friend. Hiccup's fist clinched as she stood up from the rock, and she looked back at them with determined eyes.

"I'll think of something."

Hiccup walked away, her brain working so rapidly that she didn't notice basically ditched Fishlegs and Toothless. Her back to the three she didn't see the strange, knowing look on a certain dragon's face; Toothless was smiling like a cat that just caught a canary. Fishlegs caught it though. He turned his head to the smiling Night Fury and gave him a curious look. Toothless simply smirked at him and flew off after the viking girl.

End
file.